

## Returned Wrong by orphan\_account

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

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**Language:** English

**Characters:** Joyce Byers, Will Byers

**Relationships:** Joyce Byers & Will Byers

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**Summary:**

Although Joyce is happy to have her son back, she can't help but notice something seems wrong.

## Returned Wrong

### Author's Note:

- For [sonicshambles](#).

At first the signs of something amiss were subtle. Joyce would notice a far off look in Will's eyes when they were doing normal, family stuff and daily tasks. Sometimes he'd daze out so much he wouldn't even hear her or Jonathan say his name.

Joyce wanted to ignore it. Oh, did she. It was easier to pretend that her little boy came back whole from that place but he didn't. Pretending wasn't fair to any of them; especially Will.

She asked him about it straight out one night. Joyce saw no better way to approach the subject.

"Will honey is everything alright? How are you feeling since coming back from that place."

"I'm fine, mom."

The far off look appeared in Will's eyes again. Joyce just didn't have the heart to ask after that.

"Okay. Goodnight honey."

She couldn't quite work up the nerve to talk to Will after that. Joyce tried to settle her nerves by watching him like a hawk but even that prove to only Joyce even more worried.

It all came to a head one night when Joyce snuck into the bedroom to check on Will. Her youngest was hunched over the toilet bowl retching loudly into it.

The room stunk of something foul. It was a smell that remind Joyce of The Upside Down. For a second, Joyce almost thought she was back there but quickly Joyce snapped out of it and approached Will.

"Will tell me what's wrong!"

He didn't respond. Only retching some more until it finally tapered off. Joyce smoothed back Will's hair, pulling his back against her chest. When Joyce worked up the nerve to lean forward, she saw a slug like creature sitting in foul black substance that coated the entire inside of the toilet bowl..

It began to squirm, causing Joyce to gasp and fall backwards with Will still cradled in her arms. "Oh baby," she cooed, trying her best to keep her voice soothing, but it still came sounding like a little sob. Will didn't need to be jarred by her emotions, which were all over the place. It would only serve to upset him even more than he already was. Even if she failed a little she had to try.

Joyce didn't know what all of this meant. All she could do was cradle her son in her arms while thinking 'Fucking demogorgon'.

It hadn't gotten her son before and it wouldn't get him now.